

Out of the Recordings They Came

-by B. Edwards

The later it gets
the louder they are

voices
voices

from another realm
from a realm that seems
to envelope our own

voices
voices

stronger with the approach
of the darkest hours

EVP
EVP

voices
I heard on recordings
long ago

now I hear them
devouring all sanctuary
of the night

a tempest of voices

out of the recordings they came

a trap they set
a Trojan Horse

they spoke my name

"Help Us"they said

a Trojan Horse

I let my guard down
and then the voices came

out of the shadows
out of the noise

the noise became voices

and through the wind
I heard thousands

thousands of voices

an invisible arena
of voices
shattering the peace
of an afternoon

voices
voices

through the fans
through running water
through the noises of the streets
it all distorted into voices

distorted voices
malign voices
demonic voices
an infestation of voices

complete and utter
mental collapse

a spiritual collapse
this world was not the same

all night
all day
the voices attack
the voices invade

a psychic psychosis
an intrusion of mind

all thoughts are known
all thoughts are seen

gazing through the window
the world looks the same
yet this is not
the same world now

starvation and dread
spiritual affliction

voices like thorns
thorns that pierce
the spiritual flesh

sleep deprivation
and surreal visions

a violation
of all you've ever imagined

EVP voices
like barbed wire

EVP voices
like clandestine hitman teams

EVP voices
like the heralds of chaos

madness in the night
madness in the night
this is no lie

believe in something
anything
that allows for a means of escape

voices that lie

voices that seem to exist
to lie
voices that seem
to do nothing but lie

one group seems benevolent
one group seems malign
the good cops
and the bad cops
all of these entangling deceptions

all of these
venoms and lies

Voices falling from the sky
the very ground is shaken
the mind is pulled
from all
of its familiarity

EVP voices
like razors of wind

EVP voices
like a storm
of disintegrating thoughts

EVP voices
like a hail of arrows

out of the recordings
they came out of the recordings

loose now
in my shattered remembrance
of the world

loose now
amongst the ruins
of my sanctuaries

loose now
amidst my dreams
these violated dreams

dreams now filled with voices

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